Mr. Dooley on Gambling.

By F. P. Dunne

HAT'S a gamblin' system?" asked Mr.

"A gamblin' system," said Mr. Dooley, "like alyenation iv affictions is wan way iv makin' a livelihood among th' British arrystocracy. A young jook in New York has th' best wan I iver heerd iv. He's been tellin' about it. 'On Janooary twincate. Unforchnitely sivral iv th' mos' enth an' incurable was absent, it bein' a busy day in th' insane coort, but at nightfall I was able to speed with tin thousan' dollars in th' sweat-band iv me coronet to th' altar where th' Goddess iv Fortune, riprisint-in' a syndicate iv binivolent Jews, presides,' he says, 'over th' exercises iv her votaries,' he says. 'In other wurruds, I wint to play th' foolish wheel,' he says. 'I will read fr'm me di'ry: Thursdah: Played on'y th' twinty-siven an' th' three, f'r I'm thirty years old' today, 'an' three fr'm thirty laves twinty-siven. Th' system wurruks splindidly. I dhropped on'y two thousan', whereas th' man on wan side iv me, that was playin' a dhream his wife had, los' twinty-five hunplayin a dhream his wife had, los' twinty-five hundhred, an' th' man on th' other side iv me who was asleep los' three thousan' an' a Masonic imblin. A good day. Fridah: Today I play th' four, th' siven an' th' thirteen, twice four bein' siven an' thirteen th' reg'lar Fridah number. Almost won twinty thousan'. Lost six thousan'. Saturdah: Play th' color system. I am detarmined to win. Th' bank is ividintly afraid iv me, f'r th' crooper has jus' tol' me in a voice croopy with emotion that he will accipt on'y money f'r chips. It is too alsy. I play th' red. Th' crooper is white with fear. I can hear him move his foot narvously undher th' teble like. th' table like a man wurrukin' a sewin' machine. Th' wheel stops suddenly. It is black. How sthrange! Sundah: It is my day. Th' betther th' day th' betther I'll do thim. But they ar-re frightened. They rayfuse to tur-rn f'r a pair iv cuff buttons an' a solid, metal cigareet case. I lave th' room an' as I go out th' crooper to concale his fear whistles: "Ae-re they anny more at home like you?" I will take me system to America an' have it financed. Me system, he says, 'needs nourishment,' he says.

"It's a surprise to me, Hinnissy, that th' men r-run-

nin' gamblin' houses ain't broke. Maybe they ar-re broke. Maybe they're broke an' just keep up th' game because it's a thradition in th' fam'ly an' they're proud an' they don't want th' of folks at home to hear they've guit an' they need occypation to amuse thim, like

(through the medium of my present editor, your

new address being unknown to me), a true statement

of my more recent adventures in this wondrous lower

world, whither all must sooner or later betake their way. Frankly, I have been hourly expecting you here,

else I should have communicated with you earlier. So

many good Britons are daily arriving in large consign-

ments, due, I am told, to the ravages of war, that

knowing your reckless habit of patriotism I have feared -and for my own pleasure, hoped, hoped-that ere many days I should greet you with welcoming arms.

This eventuation now appears remote, and, however much I may regret the postponement of a reunion

which would gladden my spirit and relieve the tedium of many a lonely hour here by the Styx, I nevertheless

cannot but be glad for old England's sake that you are yet spared to her, since she stands today in such

woeful need of her purest and best. I wish, too, that

I might return to former scenes to put my mind upon

this may not be, for in very truth I have departed from

the life terrestrial, and am now settled permanently in

From the moment of my arrival I have found much

opportunity likewise for the practice of my pro-

fession, for frankly, the detectives who preceded me here

-Hawkshaw, Le Coq and Old Sleuth, are prime ama-

teurs compared to myself, choosing the blague methods

of the circus man rather than by subtlety actually fer-

reting out the mysteries of crime. Indeed, there has

been much laughter here over the methods of these three persons, who fondly hoped that they held a

monopoly in the detective's profession, and most divert-

ing was the spectacle afforded my eyes on the first

business street of Cimmeria, a busy, bustling avenue, whereon in the course of an hour's walk one might

encounter the greatest figures in all history from Adam

down to Bismarck; great figures in art, letters and

science, great soldiers, great actors, great princes-it

was diverting, I say, to see swinging overhead, amid

all these interesting scenes, flaunting garishly in the

public eye, a great gilded sign denoting the location

HAWKSHAW, LE COQ. SLEUTH

with smaller signs all over the building announcing

MYSTERIES CLEARED WHILE YOU WAIT.

FERRETS
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
TO APOLLYON.

and a hundred others, by which it seemed evident that

this precious trio had gained the idea that the science

of deduction was the practice of quacks rather than

So diverted was I by this display, and at the same

there of the offices of

the subtlest of profess

after my arrival here as I walked up the main

the problems which so vex my countrymen. But alas!

of what actually happened, together with some account

Rockyfeller. But it's a shame to take their money fr'm thim in this underhanded way. Th' jook iv Rosen will niver have no luck with that kind iv money. I warn him now. A curse will hang over th' fil-gotten gains wrenched fr'm th' poor, ign'rant gambler be means iv a lead pencil an' a prim'ry arith-metic. He may die



rich but his conscience will afflict him to th' end an' his name will be spoken with scorn be future ginrations to come. Th' law ought to shtep in an' intherfere. Manny a gambler who has spint th' bes' years iv his life dalin' two at a time an' haulin' in sleepers, is in fear iv his life that th' jook iv Rosen will dayscind on him, slug him with his system an' take th' bread an' butther out iv th' mouths iv his childhe, an' th' di monds out iv the ears iv his wife. Wan iv our naytional industhries is threatened. If this sign iv arrystocracy can come over here an' roon our gambiers what's to pre-vint him fr'm robbin' Russell Sage or deprivin' Hetty Green iv th' discomforts if life?

"I niver was in a gamblin' house but wanst. Hogan took me there. Besides bein' a pote, he's a great financier. He believes in Marconi's tillygraft. 'Come up,' he says, 'an' help me woo th' Goddess iv Chance,' he says, an help me woo in Goodess Iv Chance, he says. I have a system, he says. 'I haven't seen th' lady f'r years,' I says, 'but I'll go along an' see ye home whin she turns loose th' dog on ye,' I says. 'Where does she live now?' I says. 'Over Dorsey's salcon, he says. An' I wint with him. Th' Goddess iv Chance certainly lives well, Hinnissy. They was a naygur at th' dure an' th' room was full iv light fr'm chandyleers an' they was onyx cuspidors upon th' flure. Business seemed to be good but I cudden't see th' Goddess annywhere. 'Where is th' Goddess iv Chance?' I ast Hogan. 'Here,' says he, settin' down in front iv th' wheel an' pushin' over his pay envelope. 'She's a burly lady,' says I, f'r th' Goddess had a black moustache an wore a sthraw hat with a hole knocked in it. 'Woo her very gently,' says I. Not lookin' fr anny chances I wint over to th' sideboord an' dealt mestif two dollars' worth iv turkey. I was imptyin' th' pickle dish whin th' owner iv th' parlor took me be th' ar-rm an' led me away to a quite corner. He was a nice man an' him an' me soon had our feet in each other's laps.

"'Ye have a fine business here, says I. 'It's bet-ther thin it was a few minyits ago,' says he. 'But it's a dull life.' 'I don't see what r-right ye have to complain', I says. 'Ye have a gran' palatchial place,' I says. 'Ye ought to be happy with these Brussells carpets, glass chandyleers an' jooled spittoons,' I says. 'What d'ye want?' I says. 'That's what ivrybody thinks,' says he. 'People invy us who know nawthin' about th' hard-ships iv th' life. In th' first place, I detest cards. I niver gamble,' he says. 'Before I left me home in Injianny, me father who was a Methodist minister in Terry Hut placed his hand on me head an' said; "Ikey, ye ar-re goin' out into th' wurruld. Promise me niver to touch a card." I promised an I've kep' me vow. I wisht he hadn't ast. It's thrue I have made some money but th' life is a dog's life afther all. I have established a fine business, although th' hours is long an' they'se a great dale iv wear an' tear fr'm th' polis an'

noise iv th' chips an' th' suckers an' th' smell, he says, 'I have a reli'ble staff. That salesman behind th' faro box is an excellent clerk. I pay him eight dollars a night an' he arns it. Th' wheelwright who is jus' now handin' ye'er frind with th' specs a stack iv bones in



exchange f'r a patcher iv Salmon P. Chase is cap'ble an' trustworthy. Th' bright-lookin' fellow at th' chuck-a-luck table I took out iv a broker's office an' made a a-firmed gambler, but today he is thurly reli'ble. All this, iv course, is satisfactory

cypation is so teelous. It's th' same thing night afther night. They'se no excitement. Th' same dull routine in th' same overheated air, th' same chin to chin chat with th' young dhrunk an' affictionate childher iv th' rich. I don't gamble. Does J. Pierpont Morgan buy his own bonds? It's th' same thing. I wisht I did. In ivry other business in life th' ilimint iv chance enthers in. But not in mine. Th' banker, th' dhrygoods mer-chant, th' lawyer, th' money lender takes risks. His days are enlivened be excitement. But there ar-re no risks in this business. It's wan dul, monotonous grind, th' same of percintage, th' same dhreary gatherin' in iv th' mazuma, till me heart sickens within me an' I'm almost timpted to thry some risky pursect like pawn-brokin'. Wanst in a while th' dead waste iv monotony is enlivened be an incident. Wan iv me op'ratives sprained his wrist las' week takin' money fr'm an expert accountant who had a system that no wan cud bate. Sometimes a man comes in here without system at all. They was wan such las' week. We cud on'y take half what he got an' I had to go out an' wait f'r him in a muddy alley to get th r-rest. But these cases ar-re rare. I on'y mintion thim to show ye how excited we become with th' smallest pleasures. It's a direary, dhreary life. Jawn, go over to th' hotel an' see what alls th' jook iv Rosen. He's late.'
"I took th' poor man be th' hand, Hinnissy, an', says

1: 'But, my poor frind, is there no way to enliven ye'er pursoot?' I says, 'Is there no way iv increasin' th' chances again' ye? I says, 'None,' says he, 'while there ar-re so many people with pear-shaped heads,' he says. An' a tear was in his eye as he felt fr me watch. I looked acrost at Hogan. Th' Goddess iv Chance was settin' back in his chair twirlin' her moustache. Hogan was standin' up an' his face wore a bright green flush fr'm th' passion iv play. He felt in his vest pocket an' projoosed a collar button an' a pinch iv smokin'

right, says he. 'An' how ar-re ye? says l. 'It's a line, starlight night,' says he. 'Lave us walk home,' he

"Don't ye suppose thy'se anny system iv gettin' their money?" asked Mr. Henness

"They'se on'y wan," said Mr. Dooley "What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It's called th' polis system," said Mr. Dooley.

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Shylock Homes: His Posthumous Memoirs. By John Kendrick Bangs

II.-Mr. Homes Makes an Important Confession.

ROM certain advices lately received from time so disgusted to think that my honorable calling was being debased to the low level of mere commerce the upper world, I judge that an attempt is being made to prove that I am still living in the flesh and did not meet an that I resolved to put these persons to the test, and consequently mounted the steps leading to their offices. "Is Mr. Hawkshaw in?" I inquired of the man beuntimely end in the final conflict between myself and Professor Moriarity, Inashind the desk. "No, sir," he replied civilly enough, "Mr. Hawkmuch as this is constructively, if not inventure herewith, my dear Watson, to send to you

shaw has gone to Gehenna to discover the whereabouts of a bag of diamonds recently stolen from Madame de 'Oh, indeed," I put in, "well, can I see Old Sleuth?" "I am very sorry, sir, but Old Sleuth has been sum-

moned to the palace to discover who it was that put carbolic acid instead of vitriol in the emperor's salad

"Interesting problems, both of them," said I. "Can 'What is your business with M. Le Coq?" he asked

"I wish to discover the identity of a man who I suspect has been my worst enemy for years," I replied.

"I will take M. Le Coq your card," said the young "That is just the point," said I, "I have no card. If I had I should know the name of the man I seek."

The clerk eyed me narrowly. "I was afraid you wouldn't," I observed, "that's why I wish to see M. Le Coq. Perhaps he would."

"Who is it, James?" came a voice from the depths of a tall antique clock standing in the corner of the office. "Nobody seems to know," replied James. "He don't

know, and I don't know, andwill see him," said the voice from the depths of the clock, whereupon the door of the ancient time piece opened, and Le Cog stepped out. I recognized him at once by the tense look of his right eye, as well as by the short, sharp nervous method of enunciation which

"What can I do for you today, sir?" he asked, closing his left eye wholly, and staring me coldly in the face with his right, slamming the door of the clock violently behind him.

"I wish to be identified," said I, simply. "You see, I am a sufferer from aphasia, and I cannot recall my name, although I know perfectly well who I am." "Hum!" said Le Coq, scratching his head, with a puzzled expression in his right eye. "Aphasia, eh? Well er-James, bring me an atlas," he added, turning quickly to the clerk at his side.

I must confess I could not penetrate the mystery of the atlas, but I held my peace, "Aphasia!" Le Coq repeated, as James retired, and

then he muttered, "That's new to me." James returned bearing the book, which he placed on the counter.

Le Coq turned over the leaves of the atlas hastily, peered anxiously at a number of the maps, and then ran his fingers slowly down the vertical columns of that part of the index which was devoted to the "You say you are a sufferer from Aphasia?" he

asked in a moment, sparring for time. 'That's the situation," said I, watching his finger with an eager interest.

"Perhaps I can help you," he said, a trifle em-barrassed, as he failed to take note of anything like aphasia in the list of printed names, "but you will have to help me a little. We detectives, you know, sir, are after all merely another kind of doctor. We must rely somewhat upon what our clients tell us. Now, frankly, although in my youth I was acquainted with all portions of the civilized globe, I never in all my experience, heard of Aphasia. I've heard of Africa, and I know my Asia as well as the next man, but the composite-that perplexes me. Where is this new continent which is unknown to me, and from what city or part of Aphasia

'Why," I began, "aphasia, M. Le Coq-"You see," he interrupted, genially, "if we knew the precise place in Aphasia where you are best known, by writing to your friends there and describing your personality we could soon ascertain"Exactly, M. Le Coq.' said I, repressing with diffi-culty my desire to smile. "But you see aphasia is not a continent, but a disorder."

"James," said M. Le Coq, sharply, "take away this atlas and bring me the dictionary. You must excuse my clerk, my dear sir," he added, apologetically, is a trifle dull. You see, we have so many cases, so varied, so complex that we cannot always, offhand, rise to an occasion. That James should have brought me an atlas instead of the far more useful dictionary, is not wholly inexcusable, considering the unexpected quality of your proposition. As a matter of fact," he whispered confidentially in my ear, "I knew the moment I saw you through the key-hole of the clock that you were suffering from aphasia, but I wanted to give that boy a lesson. He has no initiative, and merely carries out orders. Had he really been interested in his work, he would have corrected me, as I wished him to, and brought me a vocabulary instead of a map."

"I quite understand your position," said I drily, "but a first-class detective, M. Le caq-does he leave matters to a clerk, or does he attend to the whole business

"The latter always, but we are so busy we must occasionally leave some things to a subordinate," Le Coq replied, magnificently. "My method has always been to deal with the question in the large. But to return to

your own case, you are somebody?" "I've tried to be," said I. "Are you conceited?" he demanded, suddenly.

"Whom do you admire most in life?" he queried. "George Washington," I replied, off-hand. Le Cou looked a trifle disappointed, and then he

laughed. "Most conceited men," he observed, "admire themselves most. I had hoped to surprise you into blurting out your name. I know you are not George Washington, for he is a client of ours." "Here's the dictionary," said James, returning with

"You needn't bother about the dictionary, M. Le Coq," said I. "Aphasia is a mental disorder involving forgetfulness and inability to utter the thought that is in the mind. I know who I am perfectly well, but I forget the word or sequence of words which indicate my identity. I have just arrived, and I don't want to go to a hotel and register without being sure of myself."

'Come inside," said Le Coq, opening the little gate "I'd like you to come into the private office where I can you. You are really an interesting case, Mr-

er-ah-I forget your name?"
"So do I," said I, not to be taken by surprise. I walked into his sanctum and sat down beside a huge wardrobe that took up one whole side of the room.
"My various disguises," explained Le Coq, as he noted my glance at this great piece of furniture five minutes I can transform myself into any kind of

another person, and so completely, that no one would imagine me to be myself." "Remarkable," said I. "Now as to your own case," he observed, "whence

"London," said I.

and not of noble birth."

"Live there long?" he demanded. "Born there," said I.

"Ah!" he cried, "we are getting at it. You are an

'What wonderful penetration!" thought I, but I never let on. "How do you guess that?" I said aloud. "Never mind, Mr. Blank," said he, with a knowing shake of his head. "I certainly shall not reveal to you

of the house of lords?" he added inquiringly. No," I replied, "he kept a tobacco shop in Cheapside."
"Another point," cried Le Coq, gleefully, "you are

the secrets of my system. "Your father was a member

"Marvelous!" I cried, "How do you do it?" "Never mind that," returned Le Coq, patronizingly, "if you knew, you could be a detective like myself. The main point is whether or not I am right?" "You are, sir," I responded, "I am an Englishman

'You became a tobacconist yourself?" he demanded. 'I tried to, but failed," said I. "I was too fond of smoking, and kept all the good cigars in stock for my own use, selling only inferior weeds. That, of course, "Quite so," said Le Coq. "And you became what?"

"A tailor," I replied quickly. It was the first thing that came into my head. He eyed me closely with that penetrating right eye of his, but, while it made me nervous, I never faltered

in my own return gaze. 'Indeed," he said, drily. "A tailor, eh? In London?"

"Yes," said I. 'A good one?" said he, with a lurking smile about the corners of his mouth.

"One of the best in the world," said I, resolved to brag it out. "My coats fitted like the paper on the wall, my vests sat upon my customers as though they were a part of them, and as for my trousers, they were

Le Coq tapped a bell on his table twice and a but-

"Show this gentleman out," he said sharply. "Good day, sir, I cannot take your case.

"But-" I ventured. "Why? What have I--'I cannot take your case, sir," he interrupted peremptorily. "You are not frank with me. Good morn-

I rose up, completely nonplussed, I must admit T am willing to go, M. Le Coq," I said, "but really,

I'd like to know why you send me off so unceremo "Done?" he cried angrily. "What have you done?

untruth, for I can only reason from a basis of fact.'

"Well," I said, meekly and hesitatingly, regretting that I had been caught in what undobtedly was a yet curious to learn in what manner I had betrayed myself, "I grant you I-er-I was not a tailor, but how did you know I wasn't?'

"Because," said Le Coq, haughtily waving me out

London tailor and could make clothes fit. Sir, I am a Frenchman, but I have studied the British all my days, and there never was a London tailor who could do that.

And I passed out into the broad avenue, and inquiring my way to the nearest hotel, registered in propria persona, as usual,

SHYLOCK HOMES, LONDON, ENGLAND.

ist confess, my dear Watson, that I retired that night rather more favorably impressed with the talents of M. Le Coq than I had ever been before. He is a great sight cleverer than I had thought him. It also happened before I retired that I received a call from a gentleman who sent me the following card:

> JAMES BOSWELL, THE GEHENNA GAZETTE.

That gentleman's business was to arrange with me for a series of articles for the Gehenna Gazette at \$100 aplece, narrating such further adventures as I might have in the nether regions, and I being somewhat low in my purse, immediately accepted.

The papers which follow are the ones that I have contributed under the conditions specified.

From all of which you will see that I am definitely out of terrestrial life and am really here where there is much to interest and plenty of material ready to the hand of one who knows how to make use of earth which I may seem to indulge in is spurious, and tell them that my dearest hope in life now has become that I shall shortly extend to them the welcome, hearty and unaffected, which was theirs when I occupied my

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A Literary Letter. * By Richard Le Galliene

thing Johnsonian in its burly generalities. Mr. Crosland first knocked his man down and argued with him afterwards. And, like the man who struck Murphy, he struck him mighty well.

Mr. McNeill's method is different. He would fain, I fancy, wield the rapier-but alas! his pen is not a parier For work of this kind, it must be either bludgeon or rapier—the bludgeon is more fun; and a mere disciplinary cane is unexciting. The whole thing is really a form of international horse-play, and must be carried out either with hearty knockout humor, or stinging wit. Mr. McNeill falls between all the stools. Mr. Cros land certainly didn't mean half he said against Scotchmen, but he seldom committed the blunder of supporting his statements. One forgot to criticise his science in the force of his knock-out blows. His art was to be frankly outrageous. Mr. McNeill's aim, however, would seem to be to argue and convince, and when he generalizes, his strokes have merely the over-emphasis of ill-temper, and none of the force of that fine rage Mr. Crosland so cleverly simulated. No, I withdraw my supposition. Mr. Crosland cannot have written Egregious English"; and one can only wish he had-for Englishman is really a much richer subject for pugilistie criticism.

As it is, one feels about Mr. McNeill's strictures simply that they are self-evident, or untrue, or equally well applicable to the bourgeoisic of any other nation. on the earth. The Englishman well deserves the epithe-"egregious," but somehow Mr. McNeill fails to make us realize in what his egregiousness consists. You find yourself taking the Englishmen's side all the time, whereas when Mr. Crosland brandished the shillelagh. laughing at his plight. Compare, for instance, Mr.

Crosland's indictment of Scotch poetry with Mr. Mc-Neill's indictment of English poetry. Of course, Mr. Crosland had the easier task, but I have no doubt that he could have wiped the floor with Shakespeare no less triumphantly than he wiped it with Burns; whereas Mr. McNeill simply reminds one of the palpable absurdity of depreciating a nation which, if it is strong in anything, is surely strong in its poetry-even at this present, much depreciated, minute. Yes, even today no other nation can make such a good literary show as England-and that without including those kailyard writers who, well for themselves, are under the protect tion of the British flag, and enjoy the great advantage of British markets. But, of course, to argue about such a book, as I said, is to mark its failure. The business of such international wit combats is to provoke, not argu ment, but laughter and that good feeling which, paradoxically, we often see result from mutual banter of the same kind in social life. In this matter of racial jollying we can all afford to give and take. The Scotshimself. A Scotch accent and a ticket to London is all the outfit he needs to conquer the world. We may roast him for his complacency and guy his peculiarities, proud of himself all the same. Similarly the American agle and the British lion are both noble zoological eagle and the British lion are both noble zoological specimens, and it would be strange if they didn't scream and roar their noble self-approbation. If England has become "egregious," might not one gently whisper that perhaps some excuse may be found for her in the Anglomania of her cities. After all, imitation is the sincerest flattery, and with English ways and English manners copied all over the world, it is not surprising that England smiles at the self-conscious disclaimers of her importance occasionally made by other countries. I am inclined to think that, of all nations, England suffers least from—Anglomania.

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News and Views of the Book World. By Herbert Brewster.

A BF we becoming more carries of our be made quirkly for these 16 words, the specific We and a laws are spoken is half solved.

A may be specific with the compiler of this was a specific property of the compiler of this whandle work has received added 2.00.

Thus far in the present year not a down who have been published to allow my be much base of the property of the day of the published in the present years are spoken is half solved.

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